

First date

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Hiccup just couldn't get a normal first date, could he? Not that he is complaining though.

First date

\_Drip.\_

What was that?

\_Drip drip drip.\_

Oh no, not today, please not today!

\_Dripdripdripdrip.\_

Oh man.

Shirt halfway down his torso, the green-eyed teen standing in his room stared mournfully at the droplets slowly but steadily tracing his window. Why, oh why today of all days did this had to happen? Just a few more hours and it could've been fine!

But apparently there was someone up there who hated Hiccup Haddock.

Sighing, he finished putting on his shirt â€”a nice long sleeved green one, which never truly fitted him, no matter how small the size was or how much he washed itâ€”and reached to grab his phone from the desk across the room.

Hiccup was a small boy of 16, small in the literal sense; he was too short, too thin, too weak, too scrawny, too everything that was not goodâ€”or at least that was what his family and classmates always told him. He didn't have that much friends anyway, not because he

wasn't sociable, but rather for the big, hard shell he had built around himself as he grew up, a shell of snarky, sarcastic responses to hide the pain all the rejections gave him.

But not everything was that bad. He did have friends, he could count them with the fingers of one hand, and they were the only ones who Hiccup had ever felt any kind of happiness with—well, them and his cat, Toothless, a stray cat with ink-black fur and piercing green eyes that Hiccup had found with his left hind leg trapped in a fox trap in one of his trips to the nearby forest.

Well, getting back to his human friends, they were two girls and one guy; Rapunzel, a kind, joyful, full of life girl who had met him when her long blond hair got caught on a tall bush and Hiccup just so happened to be walking around the place (she had reappeared later, hair as short as his and brown, some still thought they were relatives, the green eyes didn't help).

Then there was Merida, a Scottish girl that was recognizable for the unruly mane of red hair flowing around her, and her strong, marked accent; at first Hiccup had been scared of her, reminding him of Astrid, the girl that he used to have a crush on and used to bully him before she got bored of him and left him alone, but then the redhead defended him against his main bully and cousin, Snotlout, and had helped him get up from the floor after sucker punching the bigger guy on the nose.

And the last one, the one who was making him want to pull his hair because of this damned rain, Jackson "Jack" Overland Frost.

Oh, he was important alright. Their meeting was by far the weirdest one, in Hiccup's own words, but also his favorite. He had been at the public library, standing next to a window with a book in his hands, focused only in the words in front of him, when suddenly he noticed the light coming from outside got dimmed. He didn't paid it any mind, thinking that maybe the clouds have covered the sun, until a warm, sweet smelling vapor reached his nose, and he looked up, coming face to face with a paper cup of what he guessed was hot chocolate. Looking up, his eyes followed the really pale hand, to the really pale face of a really handsome guy (he had come to terms with himself at 13 and decided he didn't actually like girls, it had something to do with realizing that his crush for Astrid was because he thought that she was the conventional perfect girl, but didn't go further than that). He had another steaming paper cup in his other hand, that wasn't stretched like the one in front of him.

He turned around.

No one.

Turned back to the guy.

Now he was smiling at him with what had to be the most brilliant teeth in the history of ever.

"Yeah, it's for you" \_gods \_was it even possible for a voice to be so deep?

"I—uh—what?" smooth Hiccup, real smooth

Mr. Nice Face chuckled, holding the cup a little closer to him "I said it's for you, c'mon, take it"

Hiccup hesitated a moment, then slowly reached and grabbed it, just then he realized how hot the cup wasâ€|or more likely how cold his hand was.

Was it really this cold a few minutes ago?

â€|when had it started snowing?

â€|when had it turned 5 pm?!

His face must've showed his shock, because the guyâ€"who also had really nice blue eyes and white hair, maybe bleachedâ€"laughed again, and sat on the windowsill next to him "Don't wanna sound creepy, but you've been in the same spot for around 3 hours, thought you'd need something to warm up, it's gotten colder since the snow started to fall" he paused to sip at his own drink "Oh, sorry; the name's Jack" the hand once offering him a hot drink was now open in invitation.

Hiccup shook it, still hesitant "I'm Hiccup"

The blinding smile was back "That's cute"

From that point on the book was left apart and they've chatted for about an hour, until Jack invited him to go and find a warmer place, offering him his own jacket, knowing that Hiccup wouldn't stand well the cold outside, he was all bones and skin after all, as he said jokingly at the moment, and it was actually what started the friendly banter that would be the base of their relationship.

Okay, back to the rain.

So it was raining. It wasn't that big of a deal. A bit of water didn't hurt anybody.

Except when it was raining cats and dogs when you were supposed to have your first date in 20 minutes.

Oh yeah, remember that thing I said a moment ago? About how Jack was the most important of his friends? Yeah, really damn important when it was him whom he'd have his first date with.

That's right, his best friend had asked him out.

And he'd said yes. A bit too quickly. Maybe.

Well, they'd met each other for a year and some now, and the tension was quite palpable, y'know, especially when Jack would always be hugging him or lifting him from the waist or being overall way too close. Then suddenly one day, on their way home from schoolâ€"Jack always wanted to accompany him, even if he lived the other wayâ€"Jack had stopped and asked him to make him company for a while, then they'd gone to a nearby park, where Jack had confessed that he'd had a crush on him since the time he saw him on the library and tried to break the ice with him by offering him a warm drink, though Hiccup really had been there for 3 hours, that wasn't made up. Then he proceeded to ask him out.

"Yes" a rock being shot with a slingshot was slower than Hiccup's response, but the smile on Jack's face was worth it. He liked him too, to be honest but, you know, self-esteem issues.

So when Hiccup went back from Memory Lane to his room, to his phone on the desk, he was surprised to find a message in his inbox, and even more surprised to see the remittent.

-\_Open the door\_-

-Jack-

Toothless had to jump out of his way when the redhead sprinted through the hallway to the stairs to the front door, pulling it open to find a very wet and very smiling Jack.

"Oh by Odin's Beard, get in, you idiot!"

The older teen just grinned wider and stepped into the threshold, shaking his head like a dog and getting droplets all over Hiccup "Hey Hic, some humidity we have today, don't you think?"

Hiccup didn't answer, instead choosing to pull the idiot by his wet shirt to the living room, where he was forced to take off his shoes, socks, and jacket and laid them in front of the raging fire Hiccup's father had left before going to work. Hiccup then went up to his room and came back with a towel, a fluffy blanket and a change of clothes.

"Take the rest off and put this on, they should fit you, my dad bought them for me hoping that I'd buff up a little-JACK HAVE YOU NO MODESTY?!" visible freckles where a thing of the past when his face went as red as a cherry, but who wouldn't, when freaking Jackson Overland Frost was stripping in front of you?

"What, didn't you told me to 'take the rest off'?" the white haired teen said with a mischievous grin, and when he was about to slip his trousers down, the towel was thrown into his face and naked chest, a laugh booming out of his throat when the distant voice of Hiccup, who had fled to the kitchen, reached his ears.

"Just change your clothes and put the damn blanket on, you freaking walking iceberg!"

And so he did, smirking all the time at how cute Hiccup was when he was flustered. '\_gotta do that more often'\_ he thought as he changed into the warm blue pajama pants and black tank top, pulling the green sweater over it and the blanket around himself, sitting on the couch in front of the fire and stretching his legs to warm his bare feet.

While the brunette was doing who-knows-what in the kitchen, Jack started to remember when they'd met, or most likely, when he'd been searching for books on Nordic legends in the Mythology section of the public library, just to turn his head and find the cutest boy he'd ever seen in the history of cute boys, reading a book about dragons next to a window that showed the light seeping inside, falling right over the cute face of the cute auburn haired boy. He'd spent the rest of the afternoon moving from chair to chair, then from table to

table, until he was close enough to watch him closely, to notice the freckles covering his face and the big, shiny green eyes that seemed to devour the words on the paper, but it still wasn't enough, and if he got closer that'd be plain stalkingâ€|more than what he was doing now, anyway.

So he saw an option when the snow began to fall. Oh how he loved snow, and now more than ever.

The room got colder in a thing of minutes, being made of a wooden floor and concrete walls, they didn't absorb that much heat. So, acting on impulse, he went outside to the conveniently placed coffee shop across the street, bought two drinks â€|hot chocolate seemed ideal, if the kid was as sweet as he seemed, then he'd like a sweet drinkâ€|and then back to the library, being careful of not being caught by the librarian with the steaming cups in his hands, and then went back to the place where the kid stood still, he was so focused in his book.

Wrapping the blanket closer around himself, he caught the soft scent of Hiccup on it and sighed, now remembering how nervous he'd been when asking him out, and the pure, raw joy that flooded him when the words he wanted to hear left the pink mouth he'd never admit to stare at when its owner wasn't aware (but of course Merida and Punzie had noticed, and oh how they'd teased him).

"Ok, here you go, it's not that good but it'll have to do" Hiccup had appeared from behind the couch, handing him a mug with what was definitively-

"You made me hot chocolate?" he was honestly surprised, he expected tea, coffee, or even just plain hot milk when he heard the kettle going off, but not a big, hot mug of goodness, it even had mini marshmallows floating!

"Oh the irony" Hiccup said, flopping down next to Jack with his own mug of chocolate, sipping at it and scooting closer to Jack when the blanket was thrown over his shoulders as well. After a moment of just staring into the fire, he spoke again "Jackâ€|why did you come all the way over here? I was gonna call you to stay at home because of the rain"

Jack shrugged "I was already on my way to the park to wait for you when it started, and no way in hell was I gonna miss this chance to spend the day with you, so I just ran"

Green eyes stared dumbfounded at him "You were \_on your way\_ to the park? But you live half an hour from here, and I got your message 5 minutes after the rain started!"

"I ran" he repeated, turning to smile warmly at him. Hiccup's mouth opened slightly, expression blank.

"You're shivering, didn't you tell me you loved the cold?" his eyes wandered down to the pale feet in front of the fire, shaking from the effort to generate some warmth.

"Never said I couldn't feel it, but thisâ€|he lifted the mug and the blanketâ€|should warm me up in no time" he waited for the sarcastic remark Hiccup always had for him, and when he was met with nothing

but silence and opened his mouth to ask if something was wrong, he found he couldn't speak because of something blocking his mouth.

Something soft, warm and really sweet.

\_Holy fuck, he's-he's kissing me!\_

It was nothing more than a chaste kiss, mouth closed, and not that long actually, but ho boy, wasn't it all Jack had ever hoped for and more, the hot chocolate just making it sweeter, if possible.

"Uh, you're not trembling anymore, can't believe it actually worked" oh no Hiccup, you can try and be nonchalant all you want, but that flush on your cheeks and that smile trying to escape your lips say otherwise.

Jack slowly turned to leave his mug on the small table behind the couch, then turned again to seat cross-legged in front of Hiccup.

"Hic" was all he said, dead serious.

"Y-yes, Jack?" now Hiccup was nervous, had he done the right thing by kissing Jack so soon?

And then Jack grinned again "I think I'm still shivering"

And so Jack Frost and Hiccup Haddock spent their first date that almost wasn't, cuddled up in front of the fire, talking about anything and everything and sharing sweet chocolate flavored kisses every so often, until Stoick came back home and found them asleep next to each other.

Jack had stayed the night, too.

Bless the rain.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>This was longer when I was writing it, I swear.<strong>

End  
file.